

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

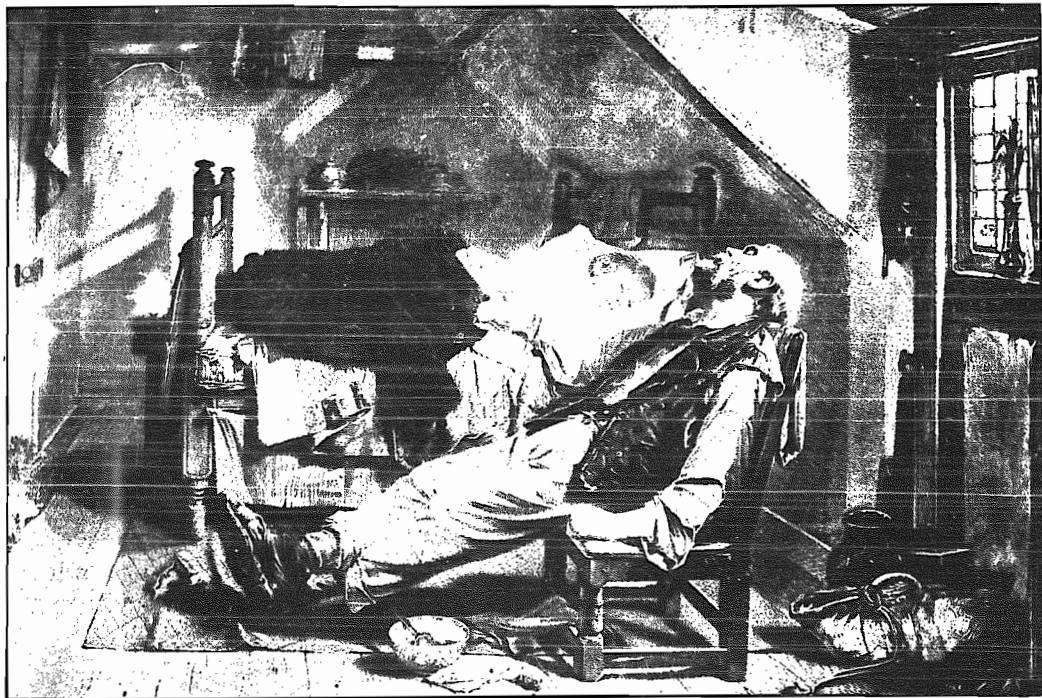
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WILLIAM HOOTH.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1897.

EVANGELINE HOOTH.
[Consul-General for North-Western America.]

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Wat Hardwicke's Dream.

OUR PICTURE is of the reality—not of the dream itself. But, as with all other of sleep's fast-told narratives, the dream grew out of the reality. It is ever from the scene of the actual that our dreamland borrows that touch of vivid life which compels us to go through fancy joy or sorrow over fancied pleasure or pain, and wake feeling we have never lived the day just commencing.

Wat Hardwicke's posture told of that extremity of fatigue which makes the most uncomfortable position to be one of an approach to rest. The discomfort of the surroundings had certainly not kept Wat awake. We do not think that he had even seen the

Strange Mixture of Poverty's Oddments

that strewn the little room with such disorder—unless it had been that in some vague way he had been conscious of an air of trouble in the disarranging which seemed to add to the sad condition of his sick child. For it was upon her that his gaze fastened—the pale baby face upon the pillow which had been before him all day, ever coming between him and his work like an angel reminder of all that was tender and beautiful in the rough carpenter's heart. And there went the stir of it all—for May seemed slipping away into the angel world, and there was no possibility of procuring those in-

valid trifles which often serve to keep a life back from the unseen, if only for a space. Jellies and grapes belonged to another realm of invalids, they were strangers to Wat Hardwicke's home in sickness or in health.

But though his attention had not been attracted to the details of the bare little room, his work-worn hands had felt the chilliness of the baby fingers, and taking off his old fustian jacket, had tenderly laid it over the sleeping form. His eyes, accustomed to strong glare of light necessary to perform the more delicate portions of his daily toil, had felt the faint flicker of the candle's ray as it struck the blue-veined eyelids of the child, and had screened the candle-stick behind the shadow of the bed-post.

Then he had stretched himself for watching by the side of the little May through the long hours of the night—he dare not leave her to take rest, even supposing there had been another couch on which for him to lie—which there was not. But two days' work in one, Wat could not do. The busily-piled tools, those weapons wielded in

Wat's War for Bread

had been laid aside for the more tedious task of love's vigil. The tired frame rebelled against the strain, and as May slept on, overwrought nature took its own way, and Wat Hardwicke slept. So the night went on. The dread moment of midnight passed into the chilly

small hours of the morning, and then the faint grey of the dawn pierced the dirty casement, and threw a hazy glimmer across the wall, to compete with the yellow flame of the candle, which sputtered and sank as if it knew that its light was rapidly becoming unnecessary. A half-starved mouse crept out of its hole to see if there was any scanty remains of the invalid's scanty food, and explored the empty bowl at the man's feet. But still Wat Hardwicke slept on—for he was in the land of dream, and felt not the stiff joints of his tired, chilled limbs nor the gnawings of the pangs of hunger.

He fancied himself still sitting in the chair by the bedside, with intent gaze fixed upon the baby's face, when he became conscious that another shadow mingled with the many shadows of that little room of sorrow. But this shade seemed to mark the spot where it felt with light, not darkness, and Wat looked up in astonishment. A tall stranger stood within the closed door, looking down upon the father and his child with eyes that seemed to see and sympathize with every fact on and under the surface of the little scene. When Wat looked up, the stranger was looking at the infant, but now he turned his glorious eyes upon the man and said, in a gentle, musical voice, "I have brought a message."

"From whom?" asked Wat, who was surprised at himself that he felt no fear for what he felt must be an apparition.

"From the King's Palace," was the answer.

Then Wat's face grew hard and his voice harsh as he exclaimed:

"No King has aught to do with me, nor I with any King. The rich, the noble know nothing of such as I—they would

not care to see my misery. Ah, I have heard them call us as they swept past in their carriages—heartless animals! Well, there's little about me worthy to be called human to be sure, starved and soiled in the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But heartless—never!

The Bit of Human Left

is my poor, aching heart, throbbing at the sight of such as this—laying his hand, which had been clenched in anger a moment before, tenderly upon the wasted baby one.

"They can have no hearts that say that we have not—proud, selfish—"

"Hush!" said the stranger, gently, but sternly, "speak not evil of those of whom you do not know. I come not from any earthly monarch, but a Heavenly."

"God?" said Wat, awfully. "If there is a God He cares not for such as me."

The stranger lifted the bag of tools. "Our Lord once carried tools such as yours," he said; "they called Him the Carpenter of Nazareth, and you can never experience greater toil, nor feel greater fatigue than did He. Neither your frame nor your heart can ache more frequently than His. His hands were roughened with the holding of the hammer. His head painful from the sound of its heavy fall."

"I have heard the story," said Wat, slowly. "I remember mother said, when I first took up nails, that she was kind I liked best to follow the trade made sacred by His touch. But that was long since. Mother's dead, and her Bible put away. My wife's gone, too. There's only my trade left and precious little there is in that that seems sacred—hardly enough to keep body and soul of my child, together. If Christ cared for poor carpenter-

THREE LAST MONTH.

A LEGAL ENEMY

Arrays Itself Against

OUR: AMERICAN: COMRADES.

Holiness Gems.

(From the Life of WM. BRAMWELL.)

"My motto, 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

What shall we do to praise the Lord more, to promote His glory, and obtain greater blessings?"

Mr. Bramwell rose every morning at five o'clock for prayer.

He gave himself to fasting and prayer, and diligently sought renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost; therefore he was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

I see more than ever that those who are given up to God, in continual prayer, are men of business, both for earth and heaven. They go through the world with composure, are resigned to every cross, and make the greatest glory of the greatest cross.

"To be all alive to God, is as if we were two Deities: to be unstable, and not a whole Christian by two halves."

"Intimate communion with God produces the fruit of deep humility."

"If you are called to preach, or exhort, or teach, you are called to live, to pray, to walk with God."

"Oh, my brother, resolve to rise early: let not flesh and blood hinder, and all will fall beneath your feet."

conduct similar services, and the churches which may some future day desire to do the same. A dangerous attack has been made upon the liberties of one and all. Not only so, but upon the similar rights of the political organizations. What is to prevent the day from coming when a few neighbours, of either Republican or Democratic tendencies, shall rise up to hinder, for the maintenance of a public nuisance and a disorderly house, those who wish to conduct a public meeting of a persuasion different to their own? Those political gatherings are at least no quieter than our own. The liberties that are theirs should be ours. They are taken upon us will only provide one upon others. It is the insertion of the thin end of the wedge. It will place us and others at the mercy of the dictation of handfuls of neighbours, who will now be in a position to pose as "the people of New York."

I have only to add that we shall conduct our campaign in a non-defiant, humble, prayerful manner, constant, I trust, with the dictation of a Master whose are and whom we serve.

The gray hairs are in my heart—too many to count; the evening of life is upon me; eternity's daybreak glimmers on the near horizon! I wish to spend each

Commander Booth-Tucker.

IT IS NOW SEVEN WEEKS since the conflict of a legal assault attacked our Comrades of the American Headquarters. A specially blessed Salvation Army Campaign week, the smouldering fires of opposition to the flame which brought about the Commander's conviction.

The All-Night of Prayer held in the Auditorium of the Memorial Building has been reported as remarkable for spiritual power and results, but it has not been recalled by any of our informants as distinctive by its noise. Yet upon the suppression of the latter was the experienced of the Army's not too friendly neighbours, who protested against the sounds of Salvation music at that hour, but they did more—slandorously describing the songs that were sung at the All-Night as vulgar, and even worse, and labelling the general proceedings of the meeting as "demoralizing." The extraordinary and atrocious ungrounded imputations read: "lopping and maintaining a common, ill-governed, disorderly house." The charge with its insinuations of evil raised a storm of righteous indignation from likely and unlikely quarters—the

Absolute Injustice

of this wording and the baseness of its purpose raised a strong feeling of sympathy on the Army's side. It was easy to see in this extreme charge the manifestations of some neighbours of the Memorial Building who had no good wishes towards the saving work that has its centre there, although housed in the nominal name of "the people."

Although there was nothing in the proceedings of that blessed All-Night but what was perfectly within the bounds of the law and for the good—hoped and eternal welfare of humanity, once again the law was brought in as an excuse to give an unkind and hurtful thrust to the Army, and such complaints were made as brought about the serving of a summons upon the Commander and the issuance of a trial which has ended in a verdict of guilty, surprising and dismaying thousands. It would be difficult and unprofitable to discuss the probabilities that have made such a verdict possible. The reports of the trial show that seemingly there was much that took place in Court that would have appeared to be in our favour. The talented services of the Honorable ex-Mayor Oakey Hall, were put gratuitously at our disposal as the counsel for the defence, and the evidence, which was more substantial and well-substantiated upon the Army's side, yet, notwithstanding, the result was in favor of the prosecution. The noble leader of our noble American contingent of

Our Daring and Undaunted Organization.

So upon the evening of the third day of the trial, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, when the plea of the Memorial Hall was put forward, was brought over his head, and that one with a maximum penalty of one year's imprisonment, or a fine of £500 or both.

The Commander's address upon this occasion was received with an enthusiastic welcome, was strong, unshaken, inspired and full of the deep purpose of one who had done the right thing in the interests of souls and liberty, and left the conscience clear.

Pointing out the wide-spread influence of this struggle, he said:

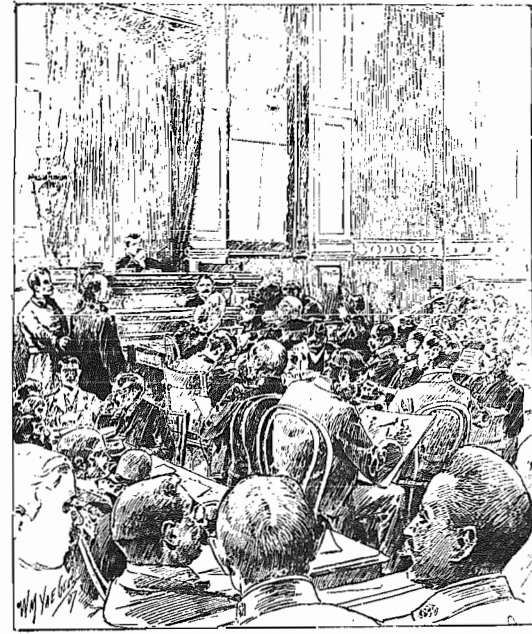
This is not a personal battle which we are fighting, but the rights and liberties of thousands of our people throughout the United States to worship God the way that their consciences would dictate. I represent the thousands of other organizations and missions which

conduct similar services, and the churches which may some future day desire to do the same. A dangerous attack has been made upon the liberties of one and all. Not only so, but upon the similar rights of the political organizations. What is to prevent the day from coming when a few neighbours, of either Republican or Democratic tendencies, shall rise up to hinder, for the maintenance of a public nuisance and a disorderly house, those who wish to conduct a public meeting of a persuasion different to their own? Those political gatherings are at least no quieter than our own. The liberties that are theirs should be ours. They are taken upon us will only provide one upon others. It is the insertion of the thin end of the wedge. It will place us and others at the mercy of the dictation of handfuls of neighbours, who will now be in a position to pose as "the people of New York."

I have only to add that we shall conduct our campaign in a non-defiant, humble, prayerful manner, constant, I trust, with the dictation of a Master whose are and whom we serve.

The gray hairs are in my heart—too many to count; the evening of life is upon me; eternity's daybreak glimmers on the near horizon! I wish to spend each

A railroad engineer would soon lose his job if he stopped to reply to every little dog that barked at the train.



The Scene in the Court.

"There is nothing to be compared to this being taken into Himself. The world, the noise of self, is all gone, and the mind hears the full stamp of God's image."

"To seek men, the world, or self, or praise, is as shocking to my view at present, that I wonder we are not all struck dead when the beast of this comes upon us."

"Show the greatest respect, and keep from everything harsh. Say strong things, but let your voice be smooth. This will make all men love you."

I must give myself away, for the sacrifice was consumed. I, too, must be consumed—self must be consumed—all the man must be consumed; thus, to lose myself in Him I find it is my glory; then nothing but Christ in thought, word, preaching, praying, etc." The reason why the Methodist (Salvationists) in general do not live in this Salvation is, there is too much sleep, too much meat and drink, too little fasting and self-denial, too much conversation with the world, too much preaching and hearing, and too little self-denial and prayer.

"Be a spirit entirely devoted to God. Pray continually. A greater glory will come upon you. You cannot tell what you may receive; but ask in constant faith; let your life be Christ's."

"Live, my dear brother, with Abraham believing, with Elias in prayer, with Daniel in courage, with John in love, with Paul in feeling for the world (remember this was night and day with tears)."

—Selected by H. C. KENDALL, Esq.

MONTREAL'S JUBILEE HOME FOR WOMEN

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY.

Dr. Reddy Presides—Splendid Seven Years' Record—Citizens Say Home Deserves Government Support.

The following is the Herald's interesting report on the great Social event at Montreal:

"The Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home, which was formally opened Wednesday, 2nd June, Dr. Reddy presided, and Brigadier Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Army's Rescue Work, was present and made a most interesting address. There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a number of the Army Officers. The meeting opened with a reading from Scripture, followed by prayer from Brigadier Read. The Chairman, in an admirable address, said that one of the most interesting features of the institution was that no one was debarred from entering there, be they Catholics or Turks; if they were friendless or homeless that was all the passport required. Formerly all such cases were relegated to the jail. In this Home they are received and helped and encouraged to lead respectable, honest lives. The motto of the Home, 'For His Sake,' speaks volumes. Dr. Reddy concluded by heartily commending the Home as well worthy of the generous support and sympathy of Montreal's large-hearted citizens."

Brigadier Mrs. Read, in a very earnest address, spoke of the work of the Home when it was first started on Plateau Street, seven years ago. Since that time some young women have passed through the Home. Of these twenty have gone to friends, 30 to situations, four dead, two married, six to other work. The remainder unsatisfactory. Last year 14 girls were received in the old Home and twenty-nine children. A tea was given last evening in the new Home to former inmates of the old Home on Plateau Street.

Mrs. Read narrated some touching incidents from real life, which she rendered most impressive by her deep earnestness and simple eloquence. Rescue work was started by the Salvation Army ten years ago in London, and during that time 125,000 girls have been rescued in all parts of the world. In Toronto a civic grant is allowed for this work, but no application has as yet been made for the same in Montreal. Considering the time Year, it was a most opportune time to make such a request, as a fund was needed to carry on the work.

The following motions were put and carried: 1st. That this meeting, having heard an account of the work being carried on in Montreal by the Salvation Army Rescue Home, has a good claim on the Government for financial assistance, and we desire to recommend it for consideration. 2nd. That the civic authorities be asked to grant the Army Officers of the Home authority to go into the Female Jail to see the women there whenever they so desire.

Dr. Reddy then announced that the name of the institution was henceforth to be changed from Salvation Rescue Home to that of Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home. After the meeting, many of the visitors went over to the new Home, which was a most interesting home-like appearance and comfort everywhere apparent. The Home is in charge of Ensign Holman, assisted by Captain Layzell, Captain Glass, and Lieutenant Glass. There is accommodation for twenty girls, and everything is provided for their free of charge. Many of the girls are some who pay a little. The average number of young women in the Home is seventeen. Separate day and night courses are provided for the children. After the mothers proceed to situations, they can, if they wish, leave their children to be cared for at the Home by paying a small sum for their support. The new building has been opened with comparatively little debt owing to the generosity of the friends of the Home, and the value and importance of the work is appreciated.

In the name of the Field Commissioner, Mr. Reddy expressed sincere gratitude to the friends of Montreal for their generous co-operation and support of the work since its inception.

A cordial vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Reddy for his kindness in tendering his professional services to the Home during these seven years, and for his admirable chairmanship of the gathering.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.

Heads* Broke.

Interesting Items.

Rest.

CHAPTER II.

BY MAILMAN.

"OT CHIEF, MOTHER? W'y, how my tenement-ol' boy if this bloomie ol' mother o' mine ain't frettin' like a rain tap."

A scrobbled and souped head was thrust out of a rough round towel, the good-natured grin on the beathered countenance of which was chugging into a look of astounded concern.

"Wot's up, mother?"

"Ah, Sam, my boy, I was just thinkin' o' you comin' in like that, tossin' yer cap an' tushin' in on me as if your forin was made o' the time yer got yer funt n'gular place."

"Well, an' wot's better'n makin' your forin-guttin' spiled, an' it, mother, to a slap up donk like my Sally? W'y, don't yer know it's comin' off next week, ole gal? If a chap ain't to 'toss 'em up a week before that sweat, wot's 'e for that's wot I'd like ter know? Anyhow, there's nothin' to fret over; is there, now?"

black curly hair, a pair of black eyes of her own—this was Sally.

"Hullo, Sally! Wot cheer?" hulled Sam, coming above the floor. Her presence had evidently dispirited any gloomy thoughts he might have had, for his face was a study of broad grins. "Noo 'at, Sal! my x'ye, c'm'n some people do it?"

"Oh! now yer go 'long, 'n' if you never see it before, Didn't I take yer to look at it at Mrs. Wenden the milliner's wen I was payin' for it—lightness a week? Five weeks it took me to get that 'at—'tain't so bad, are it?"—and Sally peered into a bit of cracked looking-glass on a shelf. "Little Peter, 'e couldn't go to sleep for lookin' at it. 'He kept callin' me back as I was robb' out. 'Let's ave another look, Sally?' 'e says; 'my! you're arrant; you're like a princess—jest the very same.'"

"Your weddin' 'at, Sally—ain't it?"

"Yes; I thought I'd just walk out in it to-night for try it. Y'vandy, Sam?"

"Oh—ah!" and Sam pulled on a brown cord coat, bade his mother "So long!"

WILL SHE ACCEPT THE BRIBE?



THE DRINK DEVIL.—All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and serve me.

A prominent member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association stated that they intended to circulate literature explaining the existing plebiscite campaign, and that special stress would be laid upon the loss of revenue.—*Western Press Dispatch.*

and proudly armed his companion down the court in which they lived. The women standing at their doors eyed Sally's "noo 'at" with a mixture of admiration and envy as the two went by.

The mother, left alone, sat silent beside the mantle. She had evidently got a touch of what Sam called the "mole-coddles." Her eyes had been bent; her hands clutched her coarse apron; the lines on the wrinkled face looked deeper. She muttered: "W'y should I grudge 'im 'is bit o' 'appines? 'Taint too much 'e's have through life, poor boy. Ah! it's the 'ard times that's comin' to 'im that makes me fret; my poor Sam!"

She lifted her head and gazed at the houses packed together through the court, and crowded with poverty-stricken people from roof to cellar. She looked into the court itself, and her eye fell on half-a-dozen hungry children quarrelling over some cabbage stalks and refuse in the gutter, as dogs might quarrel over a bone.

"Dord's earth ain't big enuf!" she said bitterly; "there don't seem room to live or breathe, or git the poorest livin'. Ah! my poor, poor boy! 'Taint for me to know wot's before you, an' wot's 'e's well it ain't; but 'it's sure to be hard—bitter, bitter hard!"

(To Be Continued).

God wants us to find out that happiness does not come by getting, but by giving.

London's population increases by about seventy thousand every year.

It is calculated that the earth weighs about 6,019,825,000,000,000 tons.

The average cost of criminal prosecutions in England at present is £33 each.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

The fire-brigade of London is called out more frequently on Saturday than on any other day of the week.

The telephone which extends over the longest route is that between Boston and St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles.

In Melbourne a woman gets twopence-happily for making a shirt, while a Chinaman gets fivepence for washing it.

It is computed that there are enough paupers in Great Britain to form, four abreast, a procession over 150 miles in length.

In every school in Paris, there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

The average number of novels issued

Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30.

ENSIGN KENNING, War Cry Staff.



THESE VERSES, from one

of those mines of inexhaustible wealth with which the Word of God abounds, revealing, as they do, the full and complete purposes of God for men, deserve more than the cursory glance and indifferent attention so often accorded to them. Who is there of earth's sons and daughters that does not desire rest, and what is more, does not seek it? How very many seek, how comparatively few find! Is it because 'tis so hard to find, or that men seek in the wrong direction for it? The latter, surely! No child of man e'er heeded that invitation, and coming to Him, who alone has rest to give, was disappointed in the coming. Yes, blessed be He, there is rest from the burden of sin, rest from its haunting fear and dread remorse.

"There is rest for the weary.

"There is rest for me."

Do you, reader, know this rest?

But rest from the burden of PAST sin is scarce the completion of God's project for man, else had there been no need for verse 29 in this chapter: "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Here we have, in a few words, the kernel of that much-talked-about, much-written-of, much-sought-for, and much-misunderstood, rest. It is as if 28 were meant to finish once for all the question of past transgression, and this verse to lead us straightway into the Canaan of Promise. The former verse: God does something FOR us; here we do something FOR HIM. "Take my yoke," or in other words, bend your neck, submit to my control, accept my rule, become my willing servant, (and learn of Me.) "Having brought us from darkness to light," and translated us into the light of His dear Son, this is clearly His purpose, to possess the soul He has saved, and to be glorified by its life. "He gave Himself that He might purify unto Himself a people for His own possession." (Titus ii. 14. R. V.) We become learners in His school, with new lessons and a new Teacher. "Could we be taught in His school? We must accept His discipline. "Take my yoke." Seeker after this pearl of greatest price, have you taken this step? If you have, then you have an entrance into His school. If not, then submit yourself now, surrender all! all! all! "Take My yoke upon you," your Master says.

"Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." In this school the Master is the pattern, the ambassador, of all His teachings, an example of what the pupils are to be and to do. How many have looked more to fellow learners than to the Master, to be like them, than to be like Him. As if to forewarn us against the evil He knew would beset us, viz., that of looking to others for our example, He says, "LEARN OF ME, I am meek and lowly in heart." Say not, reader, that this task is impossible of accomplishment. His very command to "learn" speaks the possibility of your being able to do it. Thou learned this of HIM, there had not been any grudges or ill-feeling in this heart against a man on earth. Pride, vanity, self glorification, the foreboding of this meek and humble spirit, but you say, "I have accepted His yoke, my all is surrendered, I know and love His school, and yet I am not satisfied." Think not to learn the whole lesson at once. Remember your childish school-time, with its alphabet and straight lines and books. Study closely the Master; be much alone with Him, comparing with Himself, not merely self—in all things obeying Him, mastering, even lowly and lowly given. (I. Pet. ii. 2, and Eph. iv. 15, 16).

"Ye shall then rest unto your souls." This rest, then, is a rest on the road that is given to the weary and heavy laden in verse 28, but comes as a result of the bearing His yoke, learning from Him; rest from strain and lowly in His school from perplexities arising from division of purpose and interests, rest from "care" in the mind, or any rest because of its being "yoked" and lowly in His will." rest in His love, His power, the sunshine of His presence rest in your soul, rest in Him, remember! No yoke—no learning of Him, no soul rest!

Fight your way through to Heaven.

—[BRIAN].

Whatever else is said of us, let it be said that we are a spiritual people.

MRS. BRIGGARD READ.



HAMILTON'S SURPASSING SUCCESS

W. Laughlin

THE SUN WAS SHINING brilliantly. The water was quite smooth—a nice breeze was blowing, just enough to make things fresh, as the good steamer Maecessa went on her journey across the lake to Hamilton. To improve the time, the Staff Band discussed sweet music, both from the brass and stringed instruments, much to the delight of the passengers, while the singing of some of the Salvation songs brought tears to the eyes of more than one passenger.

But—we arrived at Hamilton, to find Adjutant McLean and Sam Landow, and quite a host of excited people to meet us. The Commissioner, who had come down by train, had safely arrived at the officers' quarters. What a hustle it was, to be sure, with

Bags, Valises, Instruments and Children.

Some of the bandmen, who had brought their wheels, rode straight off to the barracks, their flaming scarlet uniform attracting great attention. The remainder of the party, with the baggage, jumped in the "Triumph" wagon, and with day flying at the head, and huge announcements on the sides, we made our way to the Citadel. By this time it was 7:45 p.m. The drum boomed—lines were formed—"Quick march!" says Eridgen Kenning, and then, the band playing splendidly, marched out for the open-air meeting, and a great time they had. Crowds followed. The inside meeting had been announced as a Musical Festival. This was quoted by the General Secretary. The bandmen gave a very good account of themselves, the singing, playing and speaking being greatly appreciated by the large audience. Staff-Captain Minnie wound up with a straight Salvation talk, and a short prayer meeting.

A goodly number gathered for knee-drill on Sunday morning, which was led by Staff-Captain Minnie. The Commissioner, not being quite equal to the strain of three huge meetings, was only announced for the afternoon and night. Major Gaslin, therefore, conducted the Holiness Meeting, which was well attended, and was a real spiritual treat, resulting in several definite "full surrenders."

Sunday Afternoon.

A tremendously rousing march and a splendid open-air meeting at the City Hall preceded the afternoon meeting. The playing of the band attracted much favourable comment.

It was a great crowd that greeted the Field Commissioner with hearty, cheering volleys (filling the Grand Opera House in every part but the topmost tier of seats) as she entered the building—a thoroughly representative gathering of all classes of Hamilton citizens. "Lord, through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain" was the opening song, fixed out and commented upon by the Field Commissioner, Staff-Captain Minnie and Mrs. Major Gaslin, whose petitions in tender, confident expressions of heart desire, then "Glory" Kenning soloed "Oh, wonderful love," and while the huge congregation sang the chorus over and over again.

The Glory Got into Both Heads and Feet

of quite a few of the Officers and Soldiers, especially those of the Bandmaster's sobriety. The Staff Band maintained their reputation by playing while the offering was being taken.

Then followed the introduction of the Commissioner's four adopted children. These hearty Hamiltonians duly appreciated the fact that one of the quartet was Canadian, Pearl and Willie sang "While robes," and "You've carried your burden," and as these two tiny warriors bowed out their baby songs with touching sweetness, the audience fairly beamed with delight, laughing and crying and

clapping their hands alternately, with joy and satisfaction. God spoke loudly through those childish voices, and carried the tender strains of "You've carried your burden" to many hearts. "Ah!" said the Commissioner, "there are many burdened hearts here. Why don't you cast your cares on Jesus? He only can carry them."

The Commissioner then came forward, Bible in hand, and after reading a few verses, commenced a most effective telling address. How that crowd "hung on" her words, as she vividly depicted the various scenes, when Christ gave sight to the blind and caused the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. A beautiful description of the woman having an issue of blood, pressing her way to Christ, touching the hem of His garment, and being healed. Frequently she pictured God's masterpiece of creation, drawing most forcible lessons from nature and science, and then spoke of God's wonderful ability in creating man in His own image.

"Yes," said the Commissioner, "the Almighty has not expended all His energy yet. His arm has more strength in it than has yet been revealed. God has reserved some of His power and omniscience. He has not done all He can or will do. He has a great deal more blue than that seen in the sky, and much more green than emerald the hillsides," cried the Commissioner. "He stretches forth an Almighty Arm, and the strength of that Arm is on the side of the good, but it is against the wrong. Men fight against God—lift a puny arm to battle with the Almighty, and then find at the end of life that they have lost their souls. What can man make up for that loss? Nothing! In thrilling, impassioned tones, the Commis-

sioner pleaded with the audience. God is strong, yet tender, forgiving, loving. He will save—come now." For sixty-three minutes our beloved leader held her hearers by a

Straightforward, Plain, Understandable exposition of the truth of God. It was truly a marvellous meeting.

Sunday Night.

The crowd that massed around the open-air ring on Sunday night, was simply superb. Never has it been my privilege to see such a huge throng of eager, interested listeners in Canada before. It was a splendid sight, and how they drank in the words of life. The streets were simply lined with people, as the march swept along to the Grand Opera House. Inside, another great audience was already seated, while others were rapidly passing in. It would be impossible for me to report that meeting as it ought to be reported, so I will only attempt a brief description.

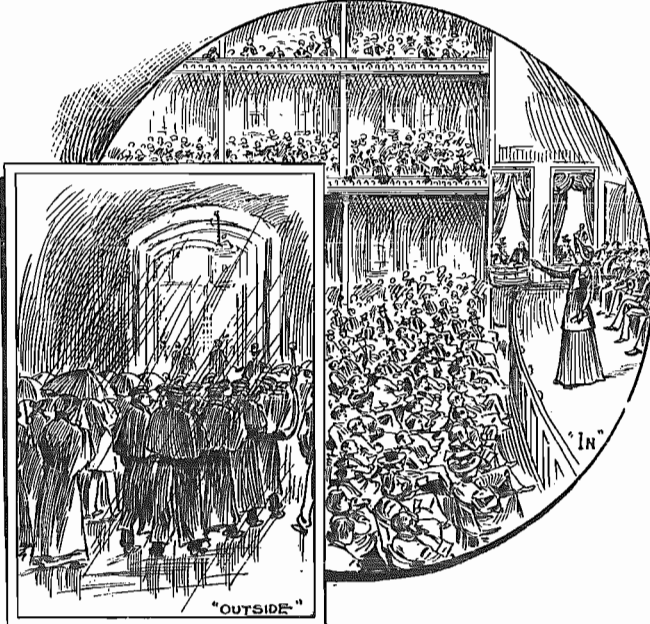
After the singing of that old song, "Will you go?" Adjutant Paves fervently and tenderly pleaded for God's blessing. "And while we are yet speaking, Thine will over-see," was never more blessedly true, for God drew divinely near, and a solemn silence came over the crowd, interrupted only by the fervent responses from the Officers and Soldiers. Softly—plaintively, as though coming through the gates of Heaven itself, rose the sweet strains of "Hallelujah," played skillfully upon the stringed instruments by the consecrated fingers of the Band. Then

Softly Swelling in Song Waves

was heard from the platform, "See from His hand, His hands, His feet." The congregation caught the words, and the strains gathering tenderness and strength rolled over that entire building, and as "Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet" was also sung to the same tune, the whole audience was melted down with holy feeling. Eridgen Kenning prayed—God was at hand—the Holy Ghost moved.

Rising from our knees, Dot sang, "Then wouldn't be saved," the refrain being repeated over and over. The band then rendered "Crowned with thorns," (while the collection was being taken up.) In such a praise-worthy manner, that the congregation forgot for the moment, and broke out into a hearty clap on the last strains died away, and yet the deep spiritual feeling of that meeting was not destroyed in the least.

"Ever the sun goes down," was sung, and then the Commissioner, Bible in hand, with flashing eye and a countenance full of holy light, gripped that crowd and brought them face to face with eternal, divine realities. The Gospel trumpet gave forth its uncertain sound. God's voice was heard in that message. Truly inspired—never has our leader been heard to greater advantage—as weak, yet strong, she thrilled that audience with her burning, fiery, eloquence. The Holy Ghost was in every utterance. "Men had tried to destroy God's Word," said she, "but the preservation of the Bible was a true work of His inspiration. Ah!" cried the Commissioner, "by the cruelest brutalities that Hell could devise, the devil plan, they have tried to blot out the Word of God—tried to drag it out by putting Christ's servants to the cruel rack; tried to de-



Moncton, N. B., District.

"Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by." Captain Lorimer met an old gentleman the other day, who wears an Auxiliary badge and has been a member for some time, although he has never yet attended an Army meeting. The Army band was playing a march to him. He told the Captain that some years ago he had a child at the point of death, and while watching every moment for it to pass away, an Army Officer called and prayed that the child might be restored to health. The Lord answered prayer and raised the child up again. The old gentleman claims that his prayer of faith not only saved the child, but had been the means of his conversion. Before this he had been a drunkard and a very bad person, but since he has been kept by the power of God.

We had a high time at the Thirteenth Anniversary meetings of the Salvation Army, Moncton, May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, conducted by Staff-Captain Gage.

Thirty-five attended at St. Anne's Hall Sunday, which gave things a good start. A fire broke out while the Staff was bringing the Hallelujah march in a close, but although this was only a scene's throw from the barracks, four souls came out for a clean heart.

The Thimble Band, composed of ten waters, led by Mrs. Miller, did a good stroke.

We had a special anniversary song composed by ——. The following is one verse:

We have Sergeant McQueen,
In selling Crys she's not green;
Sisters Hoff and Crossman push them
well,

And Sister Smith is not slow,
But through sunshine, rain or snow,
These sisters bound the W. C. all they
can.

We had a wonderful open-air Monday afternoon, and a noisy march at night, when most all nations were represented. Every Comrade spoke on the country they represented, which took well. About \$15 was the income for these days.

Captain and Mrs. Jennings, who have fought a good fight at Amherst, have made for well. Captain Sweet and Lieutenant Little tell their place full of faith for an all-round victory.

SACKVILLE—Some weeks ago, Captain McKay, who has been in charge of this Corps for some time, took very sick, and has been under the doctor's care ever since. Captain Goodwin and Lieutenant McPherson have just taken charge, and although there's a heavy debt, and the War Cry has not been sold, and Junior Soldier meetings have not been held, yet everything will come up to the mark now.

Lieutenant Hayman is not very large, but he's all there in the Hillsboro Circle, and I'm sure things ought to turn while he has Cadet Hamilton to assist him.

Captain G. Allen and Lieutenant Sellie have just taken charge of the Sussex Corps, and with such a noble band of Soldiers, soldiers ought to do some in the soul-saving line—G. Miller, D. O.

Moos Jaw.

The war is progressing favourably. All stars pulling together. The Cross is no greater than His grace. Hallelujah! J. H. Middlegh, R. C.

Valley City, N.D.

Two souls since last report, one at Sunborn, a small place west of here, another in a school-house not far from Sunborn.—Lieutenant R. Kemm.

Morden.

Captain McGill has just taken command here. In welcoming the captain we could do no end of a war, and by the grace of God we are going in for victory!

Lieut. F. H. Brown.

Farrabrook, N.S.

We arrived here Friday evening. Welcome meetings on Sunday; crowds and a most good. Closed the day with two souls for Salvation.—L. H. Larder, Capt.

Norwich.

God is helping. War Cry sold out. One unsaved young man volunteered to sell five. With God at our back, we shall have victory.—Capt. King and Lieut. Patterson.

Prince Albert.

Asleep! I should say not! Are in for war, and pressing the devil very close. Expecting great things under our Officers. Soldiers joyful, cheerful. Hallelujah for Capt. Gibbs and Lieutenant Collins.

Wingham.

Wingham is advancing. Just taken charge. Five souls have sought the bless-

ing: one for Salvation. Staff-Captain Turner with us week-end. Times of blessing.—Lieut. Brown for Capt. Barker.

Lietowell.

Had Ensign Andrews with his Lantern with us for Saturday and Sunday. The District Officer has taken our Lieutenant, and we all thank him for his visit. Praise God, nobody can take our Salvation Army. E. M. Archer, Reg. Cor.

Lunenburg, N.S.

Our dear Officers forewarned Sunday. The evening meeting, God's power felt as never before. Soldiers sang together, and we all thank them for their visit, which was felt very keenly by all present. S. M. M.

Guananook.

Guananook had a run of specials within the past week. Ensign Sims, with Lieutenant, Mrs. Brown, and a very good Grace Church, Lunenburg, a strong band, a tornado of music. Lord, bless them all! Amen!—J. T. Pummell, P. O.

Fargo, N. D.

Hallelujah! The Fargo Corps is all alive for God. We have had within the last week four special services, a close, four for Salvation and two for cleansing. Praise God! Our motto is "Never give in."—Capt. Thaxter.

Rat Portage.

Cadet Ekstrum, first Cadet from Rat Portage, forwarded and went to Winnipeg, and we all thank him for his visit. Farewell. Two souls saved, one a backslider. Still there's more to follow. Glory be to God!—A. Graham, Lieutenant.

Strathroy.

Magnificent time on Sunday. God's power manifested in the conversion of two precious souls, one of which rose up from the seat in which she was sitting, went as far as the door; God's Spirit arrested her, brought her to Himself. Lieut. G. Flynn.

Brampton.

Beautiful time Sunday meetings all day, led by Sergeant Major Freeman, of Ligonville, with several other officers, Toronto, including little Jimmie Jewer, who sold. All were delighted. Come again, Comrades!—J. M. O'Neill, Captain.

Plato.

Arrived in Plato: found Soldiers all singing and happy. They had arranged to have an Ice-Cream Social to welcome the new Officers. We had a good time; everybody enjoyed themselves. Good crowd at night meeting. Yours to fight, Lieutenant Young.

Wallaceburg.

On coming here we found a band of Blood and Fire fighting, praying Soldiers. God has given us victory. Four precious souls have sought the Saviour, and six others have declared their hearts to Him, in secretation to God.—Jonno Crawford, Captain; Ida Stitzer, Lieutenant.

Sunbury.

We have just closed special meetings, in which Staff-Captain Rawling, Adjutant Stanton, Ensign Sims, Captains Ward, Banks and McKinnon, and Lieut. G. B. McKeen, were present. God was near and blessed us, and sent of all saved three precious souls.—C. Stutz, Captain; L. Williams, Lieutenant.

Dillon.

We are going on to victory in this place. God is helping us to fight on through all the difficulties. We have good crowd at night meeting; people listen very attentively. We are praying that they shall not only listen, but they shall yield and come to Jesus.—A. A. Wile, Ensign.

Valley City.

Since last report we have had ten for God, five for Salvation, and four for the Seniors. We have held two meetings, Sunborn, where Rev. Mr. Bailes kindly gave us the use of his church, and where in the last meeting he had there, four came out and gave their hearts to God. Hallelujah!—Lieut. E. Kemm.

Pembroke.

Captain Makie, of Armprion, with us for Thursday night. Enjoyed her visit very much.

Good week-end; one soul in the Fountain yesterday afternoon. "Twas a hard night, but thank God, victory came. Our God shall have the victory.—Yours to fight and win, B. LeDrew, Captain.

Edmonton.

Had a visit from Ensign McKenzie, with his new Talking Machine. The people appreciated it immensely. It can ask for the collection, too. The Ensign at first, God bless her, Sister McKay has been appointed an Agent for the W. C. M. Scheme. God bless her and give her much success.—H. Krueger, Cor.

Brazebridge.

Brazebridge Soldiers on fire for God, and we are having the victory. There is hardly a man here without needing some one coming to God. We are in for

a big time here this summer. The War must go on. Every shoulder to the wheel. Unitedly we shall conquer. We love the Comrades and people, and shall do all we can to lead them to victory. Josh Jones, Ensign.

Malpas.

Adjutant Croighton away to the Council, and Captain McIntyre holding the fort. The Lord is helping us to have victory. We had Captain Parsons and bride with us over the week-end. We are in the Fountain. We wish them much joy and pray that they will be the means of saving many souls. They go to Liverpool, N. S. May the Lord bless them!—See, Cabin.

Richmond St.

Sunday we had the Musical Family. A nice crowd in the open-air and good collection. Not a word of blessing victory. One soul came to Jesus. He has since given sure signs of true repentance. Give us Jesus, brother Jim! He has gone to Smith's Falls pro. tem. This week the Captain speaks on Courtship. The Ensign on Marriage. Adieu. More anon. William Lewis.

Anacoda, Mont.

God is with us, and His saving power has been manifested. Since last report three have come to the Cross, and four have sought perfect deliverance. Hallelujah! We have had an interesting service, and we are enabled us to clear off some debt. Our meetings are well attended, and the Army has many friends in Anacoda. God bless them!—Ensign S. Smith, Captain V. Lester.

Peterboro.

God's promises are true. Hallelujah! His blessed presence was felt in our midst all day Sunday. Adjutant and Mrs. Wiseman said farewell on Sunday night. May God abundantly bless them. God has used them while in our midst in winning souls for His Kingdom. They are going to a real old school here, and we pray God to go with them. We are in the will. God bless them, is each Comrade's prayer.—Sergeant May Lang.

Victoria, B.C.

We had, as usual, a "field day" at Oak Day on May 21st, and enjoyed ourselves as never before. Good preparations are being made in all circles for the Diamond Jubilee of our Queen, after whom our city was named. The Salvation Army was invited to give a singing to the Queen. We expect a visit from Brigadier Howell, and are eager to give him a hearty welcome to British Columbia. A. E. T.

Brandon.

Great victories accomplished for God while the devil was on the shoulder. On our all day, led by Captains Branigan, McGill, Malton, Burns and Cromarty, also Lieutenant Glover. Soldiers from surrounding districts were present, giving great welcome meeting to Adjutant MacNamara. An address of welcome presented to him from the Officers of the District. We were so glad to see Hallelujah!—Capt. Branigan, Lieut. Stobbs.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

Sunday, May 16th, a glorious day; started with a shower; 50 out of march; five souls. Good meetings held during the week at Warwick, Somerset and North Side, Pembroke. Last Sunday, two ladders came back to the Corps, some for a higher and closer communion with the Master. We have fifteen souls saved since the Major left us. We are not dead!—Adjutant Desfray, Captain Johnson, Smith, Forryth.

Montreal.

Farewell to the old 11th Hall Sunday, amidst great rejoicings; good meetings all day; one soul in the afternoon; one in the evening. At night with testimonies of blessings recited in the old barracks, also a thank offering taken up. We will be out for about one month, then we come and spend the summer, which will be a beauty, seating about 400 to 500; also there will be a saving of about \$200 per year in fuel for heating.—P. R. B.

Montreal.

The noted String Band has been travelling through the Montreal District. HOWICK was the first place on the list. They came and played for a number of good times was spent. Then to ORMISTON for two nights; both nights were very wet, which hindered us some, but still we had a number present, and everybody was delighted with the Band. Next we went to ALONE for Saturday and Sunday, and although our crowds were small, and we were appointed in many ways, God blessed us and made us a blessing. Monday afternoon we had a double meeting in the prison, and trust some impressions were left behind, which will make the lives of those men better.

From here we went out to a little country place, (CHASMAN FALLS) where two real, profitable nights were spent, and five souls saved. Talk about kindness!

we got it in showers at this place. The Rev. Mr. Best and Dr. Harwood had all arrangements made—hall free, billets provided—and did their best to make the meetings successful. We had a beautiful wind-up; everybody went home happy and head-over-heels in love with the Band. Thank you all for your kindness. May Heaven's blessing rest upon you!

Then we travelled on to OGDENSBURG, where Brigadier Sharp met us. There, too, might, but the people came and were almost killed to death by the Musical Wonder, (Captain Beardsell.) He is a Band in himself. Then Captain Bryan, the well-known leader, he played the violin piece, and Lieutenant McCall sang from a heart filled with God's love. Then, when we were with Lieutenants Jones and Greene made the violin piece, and Lieutenant McCall sang from a heart filled with God's love. Then, when we were with Lieutenants Downey, the Bandmistress?

God is using her music and song to put down the powers of darkness and sin. The more a person is with the Band, the more you love them.—J. Coombs, D. O.

HOW EVANSTON CASE WAS QUASHED.

A Lieutenant-Colonel and Three Recruiters to the Rescue.

The legal difficulty at Evanston over the question of open-air work is now a victorious chapter of the past. The dismissal of the case against our local Officers, which Chicago submitted for singing on the streets, seems largely due to the brave and shrewd defence of Lieut.-Colonel Brewer. His eloquent speech of the Court was noted with the Chicago Times Herald, which devoted two columns to the proceedings. Intense excitement was created when the Lieutenant-Colonel, to demonstrate the "good that may be done by an Army," produced a sack containing three pistols and narrated in graphic language how each had history of the Army's possession. We give in an extract from the above-mentioned newspaper:

"The revolver was taken from the pocket of a man determined to kill himself. Brewer had the eyes of the jury sticking out as he told this incident. The man lived, but he had a good husband, but he started down, and slipped through his fingers, and from a force of thirteen men he found his shop occupied by Brewer. He took nothing in the till but bills. A friend of the man begged Brewer to find him and rescue him. Brewer knew that the man had a revolver in his pocket, and he expected to kill himself as soon as he had become sufficiently recovered from his drunkenness. He searched all Boston and finally found him in a dive. He begged the man to go with him, and at the point of yielding he asked the man to hand him his hip pocket with the intention of drawing a pistol and ending it all on the spot. Brewer refused the man and there followed a furious scuffle. Brewer won. He took the weapon—also took the man—and when the man came finally to his senses he was in the arms of the Salvation Army. He was repentant. He no longer had a point from which he drifted—a man with a big business. Would the jury like to see a revolver which would have slain a good man had it not been for the Salvation Army?"

THE COUNCILLOR GAVE \$25.00.

THE GENERAL relates the following interesting item in connection with the presentation of a noted character named Harry Barnes:

"A Town Councillor present at one of the meetings, and appeared to concern his own Salvation Army. He was all right, but if they could get a man saved, pointing to Harry, he would have been very poor. There were difficulties in the way, a fine of \$15.00, or fourteen days' having been receding in the morning, which he must pay on the following Saturday. This fine the Captain offered to beg, but Harry would not have it. He said that if he could not find the money he would go to prison and work it out there. The Captain saw the Magistrate, got in extension of time. Harry went in with the money, was congratulated by the Magistrate, the Councillor paid the \$15.00 to the Flag with a great firing of volleys and much satisfaction."

COMING SOON!—"SIRVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS." A touching sketch of a life amongst Toronto's poor, by A. L. P.



Sergt. Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	250
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	200
Capt. Hill, Pictou.	155
Carrie McQueen, Windsor.	125
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton.	125
Mrs. Adjt. Crevighton, Brantford.	120
Capt. Mickel, Ammirator, (2 weeks).	120
Father Armstrong, St. John H.	110
Capt. Croze, Quebec.	105
Capt. French, Ottawa.	105
Lieut. McNamney, Ammirator.	105
Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver.	105
Mrs. Mellock, Richmond Street.	100
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon.	100
Adjt. Mague, Montreal.	100
Lieut. Laidner, Montreal.	100
George Harriet, Montreal I.	100
Aggie McCann, Stratford.	95
Cadet Brander, Winnipeg.	85
Mrs. Edna Edwards, Fredericton.	85
Sergt. Major Jean, St. John I. N. B.	85
Lieut. Patton, Morrisburg (2 weeks).	85
Capt. Root, Morrisburg (2 weeks).	85
Capt. Peimore, Brockville.	75
Lieut. Graham, Rat Portage.	75
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay.	72
Cadet Lloyd, Windsor.	72
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton.	72
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage.	72
Capt. Huntington, Hespeler.	72
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall.	68
Capt. Bentley, Brantford.	68
Mrs. Barber, Kingston.	68
Capt. Moffat, Brantford.	65
Mrs. Egan Wynne, Collingwood.	65
Lieut. Tweed (2 weeks).	61
Lieut. Young, Pictou, N. S.	60
Sergt. James, Kentville, Halifax I.	60
Mrs. Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	57
Capt. Isenborn, Calgary.	57
Capt. Bragg, Brandon.	55
Alfred, Brockville.	55
Lieut. O'Neill, Newport.	55
A. Norman, Newport.	55
Lieut. Martin, Bridport.	55
Capt. McDougal, Guelph.	50
Capt. Greene, Campbellford.	50
John Hicks, Stratford.	50
Andie Free, Hespeler.	50
Mrs. S. Bentley, Fredericton.	50
Annie Stoddard, Brantford.	50
Lieut. Stollis, Brandon.	46
Cadet Hamilton, Fredericton, N. B.	46
Cadet Prentice, New Westminster.	46
Cadet Hanson, Winnipeg.	46
Mrs. Eustice Mellars, Hespeler.	45
Mrs. Yake, Ottawa.	45
Capt. Ollis, Yorkville.	45
Sergt. Gamble, Summerside.	42
Ensign Kendall, Hespeler.	42
Capt. Clarke, Brussels.	42
Capt. Parsyth, Hamilton, Ber.	42
Capt. Stoddler, Riverside.	41
Capt. Dwyer, Kentville, N. S.	41
Capt. Lormier, Moncton.	40
Sister F. Hoss, Barrie.	40
Brother Rogers, Moncton.	40
Sister Mrs. Gilroy, Simcoe.	40
Andie Carey, Ridgeway.	40
Lieut. Grose, Napanee.	40
Lieut. Gutske, Hespeler.	40
Quenie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	35
Lieut. Cook, Emerson.	35
Capt. Barker, Winnipeg.	35
Sergt. Stephen, Kingston, N. B.	35
Lieut. Dickens, Montreal.	35
Lieut. Meredith, Winnipeg.	34
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	34
Sister Susan, Kingston.	34
Emily Howell, Riverside.	31
Cadet Morrison, Fredericton.	31
Capt. McLeod, Quebec.	31
Capt. Goddard, Kingston.	31
Mrs. Thomson, Napanee.	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Brother Banks, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Brother Martin, Cornwall.	30
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton.	30
George Pickering, Hamilton.	30
Capt. Brodie, Burlington.	30
Capt. Hoss, Montreal I.	28
Lieut. Bonney, Winnipeg.	28
Ensign Grier, Kingston, N. B.	27
Lieut. Smith, Lindsay.	27
Lieut. Penock, Pictou.	27
Hilda McNamney, Kingston.	25
Lieut. Bonney, Kingston.	25
Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	25
Brother Dunham, Montreal I.	25
Edith Lindsay, Paris.	25
Miss Guro, Ridgeway.	25
Annie Biddle, Paris.	25
Sister Drury, Barrie.	25
Brother Reid, St. John I. N. B.	25
Sister Michel, Barrie.	25
Sister Goodall, Moncton.	25
Sister Hane, Barrie.	25
Capt. Benson, Hamilton, Ber.	25
George McFarra, Belleville.	25
Ensign Matthews, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Brother Kerr, Ottawa.	23
Sister G. Coley, Montreal I.	22
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg.	22
Mary White, Kendall.	20
Mrs. Weston, Galt.	20
Brother Douglas, Cornwall.	20
Jennie Gilhen, Ottawa.	20

Sister J. Wilson, Montreal.	20
Sister Hinkley, Moncton.	20
Sister Gilles, Yorkville.	20
Capt. Stephens, Windsor.	20
Sister Frazer, Pictou, N. S.	20
Sister Nugent, St. John H.	20
Brother W. Long, Simcoe.	20
Margie Forbes, Ridgeway.	20
Adjt. Moore, Riverside.	20
Adjt. Mrs. Crevighton, Halifax I.	20
Sergt. Stephens, Riverside.	20

ADVANCE!

A splendid advance in the numbers of the "Honour Roll" adorns this page. The conquering hundreds are increasing. We should like to see them crowding up faster. Look at the dusty streets of the front ranks, Comrades all, and push your war up there! A smothered PUSH will burst barriers and thrust aside difficulties.

The fall of the mighty is seen this week in Sergeant Fred Bell's 250. Now, Sergeant, we cannot believe that you are going to rest contented to drop from your front rank position.

If names go for anything, then the McQueens, of Windsor, and Moncton respectively, ought to enter into a holy rivalry for first place on the roll. At present the Windsor Boomer is prominently in this distance unpassable, Sergeant of Moncton?

EXCITING

to all Boomers—past, present, and intending—a thrilling announcement next week.

WATCH THIS PAGE!

Though some are out of sight from our Honor Roll this week, these Comrades are not out of mind. Unfortunately, some of the names in our missing the important details of either the name of seller or Corps, while a few were written in such bibliography that the Editorial brains were not able to puzzle them out. Is this the reason your name does not appear—or has your communication been lost in the post?

There is a good cause in the number of Cry sold in saloons and on the street this week. Mrs. Adjutant Phillips, of Vancouver, sold 50 in the former. Fire off the Cry Maxim gun before the enemy's own cannon!

Writes Captain Croze, of Quebec: "A Soldier bought 12 Yr Crys from me just week to take with him on board ship. He was going to the Jubilee." Good! The War Cry is a capital travelling companion, and opens up numberless opportunities to the worker for good and souls for dealing with fellow-travellers.

Captain Smith, of Newmarket, is a systematic War Cry seller, and sells on an average fifteen in a factory each week, and sold as many as nineteen in one hotel. She sells thirty on the market every Saturday and the balance to regular customers. Mrs. Howie recently sold twenty-five copies per week. Why not increase your order, Captain, and have some on hand for this week-end.

Most of the European sovereigns are early risers. The Emperor of Austria rises at 4.30 a.m. in the summer and 5 a.m. in the winter. The Empress has her bath at 4 o'clock. The German Emperor gets to work at 5 o'clock, and often starts out for his morning ride at 5. The Kings of Italy, Roumania and Sweden and Norway rise at 6 o'clock. The Queen and Queen Regent of Holland are also early risers; but the late Don Pedro of Brazil broke all records in early rising, being in the habit of getting up for the day at 3 a.m. and visiting his friends between 4 and 5.

Montreal's Special Meetings

CONDUCTED BY MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

A very interesting series of meetings has just been brought to a close in the City of Montreal. They have been conducted by Mrs. Read, in the interests of the Women's Social Work, and with the object of the new Home.

The first meeting of the series was held on Saturday evening, May 23rd, at the celebrated "Joy Reef," where Ensign and Mrs. Ross are making the "desert bloom as the rose, and the one desolate place is surely made glad for them." Sunday all day at the Temple, from morning until late at night the boom of the cannon was to be heard. In the afternoon meeting one dear sister who had been keeping back part of the price came and surrendered all, and received the promised blessing and power for service, and in the afternoon was among those enrolled in the League of Mercy, also in the evening she came with bearing face, leading another dear soul to the Saviour who had so blessed her.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Read spoke on the League of Mercy. Some half-dozen Sisters were commissioned for this work. Mrs. Ensign Ross. In addition to her many other duties, will take charge, and we are sure a good work will be done. We must most impressively and touching scene. The Sisters stood wearing white ribbon with "Mercy" in red letters across their breast. They sang together "Saviour Beate of Kindness" and the Soldiers in the background and the colors waving overhead, Mrs. Read dedicated the workers to the prison and hospital ward ministrations.

God bless our dear Montreal Comrades who, in spite of their difficulties, still march on, proclaiming a full and free Salvation for all. At the close of the evening meeting, two precious souls were at Jesus' feet.

Monday, May 24th, about twenty Officers sat down to a beautiful tea prepared by Ensign Holman and her co-workers in the

What People Say

ABOUT OUR

Tailoring Goods.

The following Testimonials have been received within one week and are unsolicited:

Vancouver Shelter says: "I received the suit all O.K., and it fits nicely. I am well pleased with it. God bless you!"

"ENS. WM. PATTERSON."

— || | —

June 1st, 1896.

Staff-Captain Horn:

My dear Staff-Captain—I am very pleased to inform you that my suit has arrived safe, thanking you for the promptness in filling the order.

Permit me to say I strongly recommend and endorse what you are so good, No. 231. I have with much satisfaction for the past twelve years patronized goods sold by Headquarters, with good results, but none I like better than this suit. Your sergeants deserve the full confidence of every Officer and Soldier in our ranks. God bless you much!

Faithfully yours to help,

JOHN S. GALE,

Adjutant.

— || | —

St. John, N. B.

My dear Comrade: My suit arrived before the day expected. It fits splendidly. Not a fault to find. Perfectly satisfied.

Yours sincerely,

F. H. PARSONS, Capt.

— || | —

Carlton, N. B.

My dear Comrade: I am well pleased with my suit. It fits very good. I like the material, too, and am sure it will give satisfaction.

FRED KNIGHT, Captain.

— || | —

St. John, N. B.

Dear Comrade: Thanks for promptness in sending my tunic. It arrived sooner than I expected. I am pleased with it in every respect. Fits perfectly.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES EDGETT, Sec., No. 5.

— || | —

Dear Comrade: I am somewhat afraid to give my order for a tunic, thinking it might not fit, but am glad I did. It fits well. I am delighted with it. Would recommend the St. John Comrades to let Ensign Adams measure them if they want a good fit.

W. WONNACOTT.

— || | —

For full particulars write to your P.O., or direct to the

TRADE SECRETARY,

12 Albert Street,

TORONTO.

The steam yacht Illike, owned by E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, covered a mile on the Hudson recently in 1 minute 42½ seconds.

As a recognition of his services to the cause, the Armenians have sent to Mr. Gladstone an oil portrait of Archbishop Embrun, ex-Patriarch of the Armenians in Turkey. The picture is accompanied by an address from the Guild of St. Gregory, the Illuminator, and is described as "a token of respectful gratitude and affectionate regard."

(SERIAL STORY.)

THE SIGN OF
THE CROSS.

Chapter VI.—Maggie Anderson's Darts.

THE PRESENCE of Maggie Anderson in the centre of the space which either possible martyrology styles a ring had a most remarkable effect upon the crowd. So long as the leading part of these open-air attacks was confined to the Captain and Lieutenant, the rough element indulged in a free and loud use of their tongues, and with criticism, with equal display, treated the antics of The Army as what might be expected from "half-brained ignoramus fare th' South!"

A Testimony that Petrifies.

But here was the daughter of an honored and respected citizen, as well as a devout Presbyterian Elder identifying herself with the strongest possible manner with this strange movement. Never did calm follow storm so suddenly as did the hush which gave place to the turbulent cries of the people when Maggie Anderson—eyes closed, head raised, and face bright with spiritual radiance—stepped forward and said, "I praise the Lord for being counted worthy to testify as His loving grace in the streets of my native town."

Every tongue was silent and necks were craned in her direction. The little company of critics who had emerged from the back parlor of the "Bull Inn" were dumbfounded. Dick Winter was petrified, and even Sim was struck with amazement.

"What's the world coming to," he gasped, "when, nae content wi' draggin' a religion doon in th' gutter, the women folk go preachin' to howlin' mobs? Maggie Anderson," and Sim's voice here sank to a whisper, "does she mean to say 'o' this?"

But let Maggie herself speak: "My soul is free. I have tasted the sweets of Divine grace, and proved that the devil is not stronger than he is thought to be, when faced with the Blood of Jesus and the power of the Holy Ghost!"

"O aken me," she henna began what called a big sinners' and a solid multitude to do evil; but I felt the load o' my ain sins, and nae true kneel at the same place where the poor drunkard and the clerk o' blackguard find the mercy of the Lord." ("Hallelujah!" from the little band).

And Then Plores!

"Dinna be deceived, freens. He warned by me. Some trust to their knowledge, some to their strength, some to their riches, and some to their notions of the salvation that is theirs due to their own. I trusted to the cheap rags o' self-righteousness—to my Bible-reading, Church-going, and good deeds, and was nae better for't! than the heathen that bows to his gods. If there was any difference it was only in name and form. I really, my freens, have known the peace which springs from an assurance that your sins are washed away. I believed in God, but I didn't love Him. Each heart knew its own sin, and I can tell you, freens, what mine was. May I ask what yours is?"

And here Maggie Anderson was compelled to stop speaking. A big roar was coming in the direction of the inn, which compelled the people to surge round the entrance.

As Maggie was pushed by the company she caught the eye of Richard Winter. Remembering the past relations in which these young people stood, it would not have been surprising had Maggie Anderson retired amidst a crowd of admirers. The interruption a reason for ending her testimony. But, no! she had a message from God, and it had to be delivered. At a noon, then, as the vehicle passed, this brave Scotch lass, made bolder as she conquered a natural inclination to say no more, murmured:

"I'm speaking to some within the reach o' my voice who think that The Salvation Army is not for them. Let me tell you, then, that that ceaseless din, that you're hearing at the right time, is the blood o' th' Lamb. Oh, Janna be deceived. We're no' preachin' ourselves. We are no better by nature than you. Perhaps we are worse. But you need Christ. Without His love and mercy, there's naething but a life o' disappointment for ye, and a life o' sorrow. We're here's Heaven here and Heaven for ever. Aye, the very trials that purr flesh and blood are heir to canna drown the soul in despair, if Christ inhabits the heart."

The Effect!

The audience, by this time, was so silent as if they were in church, and almost have remained so for an indefinite length

of time had not the Captain started the chorus:—

"He's the Lily of the Valley."

The bilious spirit of the crowd broke out afresh, and after a brief announcement that "all are welcome—especially the worst"—the little Army—twelve in number—moved toward Wide Street, singing,

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy."

"Well, what do you think of that, Master Geddies," asked Sims, in a softer tone than usual.

"Blas," said this local authority on constitutional matters. "The holy trinity! There's mair natural eloquence in that lassie Anderson than in a' the dominions and preachers o' th' toon."

"Fash, man!" replied Sim angrily. "It's her bonnie face and fanaticism that has bamboozled ye. What think ye, Mr. Winter?"

Richard Winter's face wore an expression of pain when thus addressed. Sim was quick to discern it.

"Are you just going to manly independence of thought, Mr. Winter?" queried Sim.

"I hope not," said Mr. Winter, quietly. "Then what do you think of that rag-tag-and-bob-tail religion?"

"Do you want my candid criticism?"

"Of course."

"Then I have never seen religion till to-night."

"Gracious me!" ejaculated the coal merchant. "You're mad!"

"Why it is simply this—this is a religion with a cross in it. What but a passion for humanity's best interests, as they conceive them, could these people to incur the odium and persecution of the people? The story they tell is that of the early disciples and devotees of Christianity. They were persecuted, persecuted to make me a worshipper and a slave of Christ, it would be what I have seen to-night. To me it is the clearest sign of the Christ I have seen yet."

(To be continued.)

★ **HELPS** ★
★ FOR J. S. WORKERS. ★

JULY 4th.

FATHER'S GOOD COUNSEL.

Proverbs iii. 1-26.

HIS LESSON is chiefly one of precept and promise. A certain line of action is laid down, and the results following are simply explained. The first ten verses are devoted to an exhortation to obey the commandments. The following two verses speak of patience, and the remainder of the lesson is a description of wisdom—its attribute, power, relationship to man, and its best use.

"KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

This is not an exhortation to mere outward obedience, but heart service. God wants and will have none other than that worship which begins at the heart. Forms, ceremonies, professions, are not pleasing to Him unless the heart is right towards Him.

"LENGTH OF DAYS."

This is a promise to those who render heart service. Life and peace are two of God's best gifts. Salvation always brings peace, and often, for its sake, life brings increased length of years.

TRUTH.

This is the first principle of righteousness, and should be cultivated in character and in heart. Truth should become so a part of our nature that we should cling to it as to life, for it is in the case of the martyrs of olden days when people went to the stake, to the flogs, and all kinds of torments for the sake of God's truth. Are we brave enough to bear some persecution for its sake?

"THOU SHALT FIND FAVOR."

A conscientious man, woman or child will find favour. He or she is bound to be respected for their uprightness and their loyalty to the right. This will be conspicuous of the favor of God, and more or less ultimately secure the favors of man. But we must be careful to please God not man. We must have true hearts and characters we cannot help manifesting it to those around us.

"TRUST IN THE LORD."

Trust is that quality which relies upon the truth of another. Life would be unbearable without it. The baby trusts its mother, the son his father, the wife her husband, the friend his friend, the comrade his companion in the war. We trust those who protect us from harm, supply our light and fuel, we trust the steamer, train

or bridge—in fact, we cannot go on a day without exercising this confidence. God wants us to trust Him. He deserves to be trusted, and to be trusted with our all.

"ACKNOWLEDGE HIM."

Wherever you go remember that God is your Father and acknowledge Him as such. He is interested in all your ways, loves you, and takes interest in childish pleasures and youthful frolics. Even the little girl who prayed for her mother to come on Christmas Day, prayed in faith and was rewarded, and learned a beautiful lesson of simple trust that will strengthen her faith for years to come.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is not book knowledge nor mental education only. Many may climb to the highest pinnacle of fame, education or business, and yet miss God's plan for them. True wisdom begins with the fear of the Lord, and He will educate the soul in a Divine education that is more precious than all that the world can offer. The path of such wisdom is the path of safety.

"THY FOOT SHALL NOT STUMBLE."

The secret of strength lies not in personal gifts or attainments, but in fact that are strong to tread life's rough ways, being shod with Gospel preparation. It is these shoes that will win the victory. Falsehood, love of dress, pleasure, deceit, love of admiration, pride, tempest—these are some of the causes of stumbling.

"THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID."

Fearlessness characterizes good people. Fear is the badge of wrong-doing. Good people are strong.

SWEET SLEEP.

Only possible to the righteous. No terror with the nightfall, no remorse, no regrets, no fear of death, no apprehension of coming judgment. And the last sleep of the righteous shall be as peaceful.

QUESTIONS.

1. What does truth for a man?
2. What is true wisdom?
3. Why do souls stumble?
4. What kind of peace have the righteous?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Be not wise in thine own eyes, fear the Lord and depart from evil."

★ **HELPING** ★

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriended, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any persons in difficulty, poverty, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—2—

(Second insertion).

194. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 81, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, NEE ASKELL, and Mrs. Jas. H. Chance, all formerly of Mark Lane, Finsbury, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

195. THOMAS SOYER, age 38; tall, stout, light complexion, dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1913. Baker or cook by trade.

196. JOHN ROADLEY, Left Regina, N. W. T., about six years ago. Last heard from as Birmingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

197. SARAH LEE, Last heard from as at Ottawa, Ont. Age, about 22.

198. PETER MUNRO, Age, 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard from at Mossomin, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

199. ALBERT RAND and sister, HARTIE RAND; believed by their father, E. S. Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

200. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Fred Perry). Last heard from as at Calgary, N. W. T. American Cry please copy.

201. ARTHUR H. SMITH, Last heard from in 1895; was then at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

202. MARY ANN CURRIE, Married to Timothy Currier. Last heard from five years ago; was living then at Ancestor, Her niece enquires.

203. JOHN ROBERT FUDGE, Was

last heard from in November, 1892; was then living on London Street, Toronto. Left for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

204. MRS. KATE GRAVES, Age, 60; white hair. Was living at West Bromfield, Ont., with her two daughters in 1892. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Graves.

205. ELIZABETH JENKINS, and FRANK JENKINS, Last heard from in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

206. ALFRED HOWLEY, Last heard from at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

207. WILLIAM RUFF, Left St. Hubers, Jersey, for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. When last heard from was in the Salvation Army, carried a Captain Wilson. His mother enquires.

208. LEVY, WILLIAM—Aged forty-three; rather tall; fair complexion; inclined to be sandy; high shoulders. Carpenter. Last heard from, 1895; supposed to have joined the police force at one time was living at Westminster. Something to his advantage awaits him. May have gone abroad.

209. MARSHALL, HENRY CHARLES, Aged fifty; medium height; fair; grey eyes; stout; thick lips; bald on top of head. Left South Hackney, London, England, June 1891. May have gone to Australia. Brother Alfred dead. Foreign "Cry" please copy.

210. MARGUERITE BECK, Her son, William Beck, enquires. Once lived at Queensgate, London S. W., England. Then sailed to New York. New York Cry please copy.

211. YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL, Left England about 14 years ago. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then at Prospect, Ontario. If he had time to his sister, Sybilla Jones, Lake Tupper, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William H. Young, Vancouver, B. C., he would be glad to hear of some news. New York and San Francisco Cry please copy.

—13—

(First insertion).

212. HEATH, LOTTIE, alias LOTTIE RANKIN, alias LOTTIE WEEKS, Left Montreal, 1891. Was with a travelling company as a singer and dancer. Last known address North Adams, Mass. Mother enquires.

213. GREERLEY, EMMA, now MRS. ALBERT ALFORD, was born in England; fair; 26 years old. Her husband was clerk, reporter on an Oregon paper in 1905. Mother enquires.

214. ROLLINGS, MRS. SARAH, Maiden name MONK, Age, over 20. Formerly of Buckland, near Portsmouth, England. Last seen a year ago on a train between Wimpole and Deauceuse. Has two sons, Albert and Alfred. Mother enquires.

215. GROOMBRIDGE, E. J., Once connected with the Army. To be expected to have gone to Quebec. His Toronto address was 31 Foxley Street. It is of no personal interest to him. Write Enquiry.

216. SPENCER, SILAS, Left Acadia Mines, Landerby, N. S., ten years ago. Last heard of five months ago at Illinois. Miner. Medium height, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes; black curly hair. Mother enquires.

217. HARRIS, J. E., who left Ottawa two months ago, please communicate with his wife, who is anxious as to his whereabouts. Information respecting him will be thankfully received.

218. WANTED.—Information of Donald MacDonald MacKenzie, tailor, who left Battersea, June 18th, 1896. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, please write to the Editor, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

—14—

Charlottetown.

Musical Meeting a roaring success, blessing both those who took part and those who listened. Pleasant solo, duets and quartettes, rousing Salvation choruses, String Band, Brass Band and Church of England. Tickets nine cents and receipts beyond calculation. Captain Clark, of steamer Irene Morris, in port, has assisted nobly during past week. The Church of England has been very generous. The quarters are the better for his visit by a very serviceable dinner and tea set, and we, by much sympathy and encouragement both in word and action. Children's Jubilee added in G double sharp. (See Young Soldier.) Up to these victories we have had souls, and that is best of all. Officers have been present. Captain Sabine and Lieutenant Coolen. The Lord bless them! More for next week. Look out for red hot news.

"I AM GOD all-sufficient," said the Lord to Abraham. Is He the same to you?

HEAVEN'S gates are wide enough to admit of every sinner, but too narrow to admit of any sin.



NEW WESTMINSTER CORPS—Capt. Burton and Lieut. Myers in Charge.

SONGS FOR ALL PEOPLE.

Sinner, Here's a Song for You.

Poor Backslider, Sing No. 5.

Songs for Singing Salvationists.

These Songs are the unaltered efforts of
S. T. S., a lay of nine.

Tunes—Auld Lang Syne, or Sacred Hope,
B. J., 27, 3; In Memoriam, B. J., 28;
Behold, the Saviour, or Drink to me
only with thine eyes, B. J., 32, 3;
Bright Crowns, B. J., 29, 1.

1 Oh, Lord, I own my heart's not
right.
I'm not what I should be;
My soul is dark, but Thou art Light,
Thy light now give to me.

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
I'm longing to be free;
I now let go all unbelief;
I'll trust Thee from this hour.

Oh, Lord, within I'm full of strife,
I want to live a holy life.
The power must come from Thee.

A life that's blameless I would live,
Before Thee every hour;
Just now, oh, Lord, unto me give
Thy overcoming power.

Second Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe
Thou givest me the power
That will enable me to live
A blameless life each hour.

Tunes—Behold, behold, B. J., 27; What's
the news? B. J., 12, 3; Come to Me,
B. J., 162; Christ for me, B. J., 208.

2 Jesus, Thy purity bestow,
Through the Blood!
The power of perfect cleansing
show,
Through the Blood!

Take every spot of sin away,
Within my heart forever stay,
Give me full victory every day,
Through the Blood!

Increase the faith that conquers doubt,
Through the Blood!
Cast every evil passion out,
Through the Blood!
Give me the power to master wrong,
Against the foe to march along,
With holy vigor make me strong,
Through the Blood!

Give me the love that never dies,
Through the Blood!
That will Thy cross and passion prize,
Through the Blood!
Help me to conquer Satan's host,
And keep me faithful to my post,
Anoint me with Thy Holy Ghost,
Through the Blood!

3 Tune—Over Jordan, B. J., 17.
I'm a Soldier in the fight,
Battling for the Lord and right,
Living always in the light,
Through believing.
Not through good that I have done,
But through Jesus, God's dear Son,
For the victory He has won,
I'm believing.

Chorus.

Keep believing, keep believing,
For on Calvary's rugged tree,
Jesus died to set you free;
Keep believing, keep believing,
Then we'll gain the victory,
Keep believing.

Though the road be rather rough,
And the light is rather tough,
Yet I find my Lord enough,
Through believing.
He has trod the path before,
And His promises are sure,
If I to the end endure,
I'm believing.

Tune—Oh, turn ye.

4 Oh, sinner, arouse ye, awake from
your dream,
You're heedlessly sailing along with
the stream;
Soon you will land where no lifeboat can
come,
And cry out for ever, "I'm lost and un-
done!"

To sleep while the tempest is raging
around,
Mends death to your soul while there's
life to be found;

Entire separation from God and His love,
No place in the mansions of glory above.

But, sinner, there's mercy in Jesus for
you,
The lifeboat's now passing—get in with
the crew;
There's safety in Jesus, He stands by the
oar,
And safely He'll land you on Canaan's
bright shores.

Tune—Home, Sweet Home, B. J., 51.

5 Poor prodigal, come back to your
home,
Why will you in sin and in wretch-
edness roam?
Why will you be starving on husks, with
the swine
While Jesus can feed you with food that's
divine?

Chorus.

Come home! Come home!
Return to your Father,
Come back to your home.

Your Father is waiting with arms open
wide,
To wash your heart white in the sin-
cleansing tide;
He's waiting to give you the kiss of His
love,
And fit you on earth to be with Him
above.

Say, "I will arise, to my Father I'll go,"
And if you repent, He His mercy will
show;
He'll freely forgive you, forget all your
past,
And give you a joy that for ever shall
last.

Tune—Numberless as the sands on the
sea-shore.

6 Oh, the angels rejoice up in glory,
As before Christ the Lord they
stand;
And Salvation to God is their story,
They sing of the Blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

Wonderful is the joy of salvation,
Wonderful is the joy of the Lord;
A joy that can't be told,
Is the joy of saving souls,
Wonderful is the joy of salvation.

There was gladness on Calvary's moun-
tain,

When the Lord heard the penitent's cry;
And when cleansing was wrought in the
Fountain,
The soldiers aloud shout for joy.

There is joy over prodigals weeping,
Over tears of repentance that flow,
There is joy when on Jesus believing,
The soldiers are washed white as snow.
There is joy over soldiers unliving,
Over those who their colors will show;
There is joy in the battles we're fighting,
There'll be joy when to Glory we go.

THAT PIPE AGAIN.

ENSON W. H. BURROWS, Quebec.

A GENTLEMAN of this city gave his
heart to God some years ago, and
feeling that it was wrong to use
tobacco, handed it, with his pipe, to a
wife to destroy; but she, thinking that
the pipe was such a valuable one and too
good to destroy, wrapped it up nicely
and placed it away out of sight. Some
two years elapsed when it occurred
her husband to be searching in the bu-
reau for a required article, when he be-
held this strange little parcel, never
dreaming what it was. He unfolded it,
and there, before him was his once cher-
ished idol; but, alas, his two years' for-
saken enemy was unfolded to his down-
fall, for in that self-same hour the man of
God fell from grace, and has never re-
turned. The guilt rests upon his wife,
who exclaims: "Oh, that I had destroyed
the pipe!"

Christian professor, are you covering
up some cherished sin or idol, thinking
that it will never harm you? If so, take
warning and destroy it now!

Sacrifice, amongst other things, consists
in the renunciation of some legitimate
good, of something that one has the right
to possess, in order to serve God better,
and be more free to work for the salva-
tion of souls.

It has been remarked that a number of
Officers and Soldiers have got into the
bad habit of addressing Officers by their
surnames instead of their title. This is
WRONG. Always when speaking to, or
of, or writing of an Officer, give them
their title—Agiator.

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